

The Tragedie of Hamlet

And what so poore a man as *Hamlet* is,
May doe t'expresse his loue and friending to you
God willing shall not lacke: let vs goe in together,
And still your fingers on your lips I pray,
The time is out of ioynt, O cursed spight!
That euer I was borne to set it right,
Nay come, lets goe together.

Exeunt.

Enter old Polonius, with his man or two.

Pol. Giue him this mony, and these two notes *Reynaldo*,
Rey. I will my Lord.

Pol. You shal do maruellous wisely good *Reynaldo*.
Before you visitt him, to make inquire,
Of his behauiour.

Rey. My Lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marrie well said, very well said; looke you sir,
Enquire me first what *Danishers* are in *Paris*.
And how, & who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expence, and finding,
By this encompassment and drift of question
That they doe know my sonne, come you more neerer,
Then your particular demands will touch it,
Take you as t'were some distant knowledge of him,
As thus, I know his father, and his friends,
And in part him, doe you marke this *Reynaldo*?

Rey. I, very well my Lord.

Pol. And in part him, but you may say, not well,
But y^t be he I meane, he's verie wilde,
Addicted so and so, and there put on him
What forgeries you please, marrie none so ranke
As may dishonour him, take heed of that,
But sir, such wanton, wild, and vsuall slips,
As are companions noted and most knowne
To youth and libertie.

Rey. As gaming my Lord.

Pol. I, or drinking, fencing, swearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing, you may goe so farre.

Rey. My Lord, that would dishonour him.

Pol. Faith as you may season it in the charge.

You

Prince of Denmarke.

You must not put another scand all on him,
That he is open to incontinencie,
That's not my meaning, but breath his faults so quently
That they may seeme the taints of libertie,
The flash and out-breake of a fierie mind,
A sauagenesse in vnreclaimed bloud,
Of generall assault.

Rey. But my good Lord.

Pol. Wherefore should you doe this?

Rey. I my Lord, I would know that.

Pol. Marrie sir, heere's my drift,

And I beleue it is a fetch of wit,
You laying these slight sullies on my sonne
As t'were a thing a little soilde with working,
Marke you, your partie in conuerse, him you would sound
Hauing euer scene in the prenominate crimes
The youth you breath of guiltie, be assur'd
He closes with you in this consequence,
Good sir (or so) or friend, or gentleman,
According to the phrase, or the addition
Of man and Countrie.

Rey. Verie good my Lord.

Pol. And then sir doos a this, a doos: what was I about to say?
By the masse I was about to say some thing,
Where did I leaue?

Rey. At closes in the consequence.

Pol. At closes in the consequence, I marrie,
He closes thus, I know the Gentleman
I saw him yesterday, or th' other day.
Or then, or then, with such or such, and as you say:
There was a gaming there, or tooke in's rowse,
There falling out at Tennis, or perchance
I saw him enter such or such a house of sale,
Videlicet, a Brothell or so forth, see you now,
Your bait of falshood: take this carpe of truth,
And thus doe we of wisdome, and of reach,
With windleses: and with assayes of bias,
By indirects find directions out,
So by my former lecture and aduise

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